And my liking goes not that way.

For. Well, I pray go home with me to dinner:
Beſides your cheare, Ile ſhew you wonders:
Ile ſhew you a monſter. You ſhall go with me
M. *Page*, and ſo ſhall you ſir *Hugh*,
And you Maſter Doctor. (two

Sir Hu. If there be one in the company, I ſhall make

Doct. And dere be ven two, I ſall make de tird.

Sir Hugh. In your teeth for ſhame.

Shal. Well, well, God be with you, we ſhall haue the fairer wooing at M. *Pages*.

Exit Shallow and Slender.

Hoſt. Ile to my honeſt Knight ſir *Iohn Falſtaffe*,
And drinke Canary with him. *Exit Hoſt.*

For. I may chance to make him drink in pipe wine,
Firſt come gentlemen. *Exit omnes.*

Enter Miſtreſſe Foord, with two of her men, and a great Buck-basket.

Miſ. For. Sirra, if your M. aske you whither
You carry this basket, ſay to the Landerers,
I hope you know how to beſtow it.

Ser. I warrant you Miſtris. *Exit Seruant.*

Miſ. For. Go get you in. Well ſir *Iohn*,
I beleeue I ſhall ſerue you ſuch a tricke,
You ſhall haue little minde to come againe.

Enter Sir Iohn.

Fal. Haue I caught my heauenly Iewell?
Why now let me dye. I haue liued long enough,
This is the happy houre I haue deſired to ſee,

Now

Now ſhall I ſin in my wiſh,
I would thy husband were dead.

Miſ. For. Why how then ſir *Iohn*?

Fal. By the Lord, Ide make thee my Lady.

Miſ. For. Alaſſe ſir *Iohn*, I ſhould be a very ſimple Lady.

Fal. Goe too, I ſee how thy eye doth emulate the Diamond.
And how the arched bent of thy brow
Would become the ſhip tire, the tire vellet,
Or any venetian attire, I ſee it.

M: For. A plaine kercher ſir *Iohn* would fit me better.

Fal. By the Lord thou art a traitor to ſay ſo:
What made me loue thee? Let that perſwade thee
There's ſome-what extraordinary in thee:
Goe too, I loue thee:
Miſtris *Foord*, I cannot cog, I cannot prate,
Like one of theſe fellowes that ſmels like
Bucklers-bery, in ſimple time,
But I loue thee, and none but thee.

M: For. Sir *Iohn*, I am afraid you loue Miſtris *Page*.

Fal. I, thou mightſt as well ſay
I loue to walke by the Counter-gate,
Which is as hatefull to me
As the reake of a lime kill.

Enter Miſtreſſe Page.

M: Page. Miſtris *Ford*, miſtris *Ford*, where are you?

M: For. O Lord ſtep aſide good ſir *Iohn*.

Falſtaffe ſtands behinde the Arras.

How now Miſtris *Page*, what's the matter?

Miſ.

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